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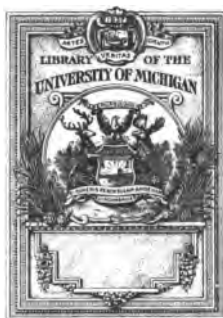
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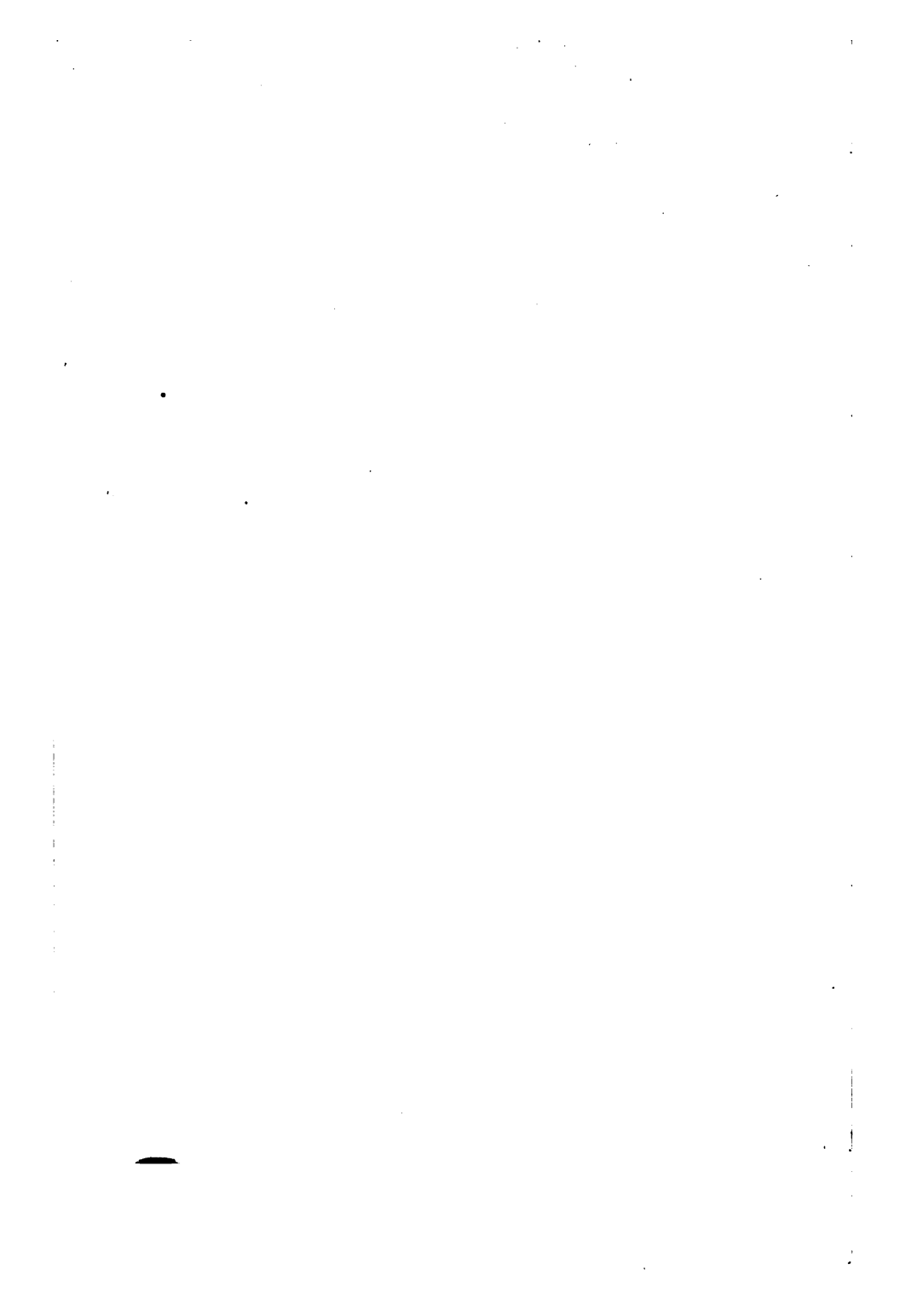
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**PRESENTED BY
THE AUTHOR**

1861



Evening Pastimes

BY

W. A. HAVENER



1916

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRELUDE	5
ONWARD	5
THE ROSES	6
THE CLOUDS	7
NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN	8
YOUTH AND AGE	10
THE DREAMS OF YOUTH	12
WIFE AWAY	14
OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE	16
A HUNDRED YEARS AWAY	17
WHEN I AM GONE	18
POVERTY	20
LINES ON AN OLD MANSION	20
AN OLD STUMP	22
THE RIVER	24
THE MEADOW	27
THE MORNING SUN	29
A WAYSIDE RAMBLE	30
OAKLAND	33
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN	34
A MEMORY	36
THE OLD HOME	42
AN OLD DIARY	45
THE SEASONS	47

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	PAGE
WIFE AND I	47
THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE	49
THE COTTAGE	51
THE UNKNOWN	53
THE ZEPHYR	53
GOVERNMENT	55
THE ISLES OF REST	56
MY OLD FRIEND TOM	56
THE HIDDEN HAND	58
GENIUS	59
REGRET	60
PICTURES	61

PRELUDE

Come, Muse, and help me pass the time away
And bring the harp of some wise bard along,
Sweet truths in music rhymes for me to play—
For poetry is but wisdom set to song.

And sing no idle lay about the stars,
Nor wildly scribble with a half crazed pen
About the far-off moon and moon-lit bars,
But come and let us chat of hearts and men.

And as we stroll recline upon mine arm,
Suggest some olden truths for me to say,—
For poetry is the pleasing, magic charm
Of saying old things in a sweeter way.

ONWARD

Onward, ever onward,
'Tis a song I love to sing,
Cheering all the weary hearted
Onward to some higher thing.

Onward to the golden,
To the happy and the true,
Not to fame and hoarded riches
But some deed of good to do.

EVENING PASTIMES

Onward to the righteous,
All who go at duty's call,
Here I write them down as heroes,
Though they battle but to fall.

Onward to the noble,
With a spirit not to yield,
With a heart for any weather
And the truthful for a shield.

THE ROSES

In the garden bright
With the sunny light
The roses through their tiny buds are peering ;
In those lonely places
Sad with sickly faces
They'll gladden drooping hearts with gentle cheering.

O'er each painted crest,
In each leafy nest
Lie artist touches with His love adorning,
And bright emblem tints,
And sweet sacred hints
As lightly resting as the dews of morning.

In the scented air
'Mong the flowers there,
How sweet the fragrant breath the rose imparts,
And where'er we go,
May we ever throw
Such sweetness kindly o'er all human hearts.

THE CLOUDS

Beneath a tangled spread
Of foliage overhead,
Here on the tufted grass I lie,
My thoughts at idle dreaming,
The far-off clouds now seeming
Like snowy mountains in the sky.

How beautiful they sail,
O'er purple crag and vale,
Like vessels on the placid blue;
Ten thousand sunbeams tint,
Ten thousand emblems hint,
The good, the noble and the true.

Now comes the cruel breeze,
With playful lulling ease,
And tears the saffron clouds apart,
As other winds have torn,
And far away have borne
Some cherished idol of my heart.

The splendors stream in gold,
The clouds like cares of old
Are melting in the smile of day;
O, could I but forget,
The grief remembered yet,
And learn to laugh the pain away.

Their sombre shadows fall,
Alike on hut and hall,
They float in mid-air like a feather ;
And may thy sorrows rest,
As lightly on thy breast,
As clouds tossed on the windy weather.

NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN

There fall in ripples from the magic string
These sacred truths of all experience born,
The sweetest honey has some bitter sting,
There is no rose without its hidden thorn.

Many a pretty rose of fairest hue
Blooms lovely but to hide its prickly spear ;
Many a pleasing smile that seemeth true
Is closely wedded to some hidden tear.

O, may thy every tear of hidden pain
That falls upon thy troubled bosom make,
Like flowers brightened, freshened with the rain,
Thy manhood brighter, fresher for its sake.

Again I hear it sounding on the lyre,
A truth that all who strive to win must learn,
The rugged ore that passes through the fire
Is rendered far more useful for its burn.

The cross, though once the hated type of shame,
In triumph now adorns the jeweled breast,
A star plucked from the wreathing, scorching flame
Becomes a thing of pride forever blest.

The crudest stone oft yields a gem most rare,
The homely bud oft blows the sweetest flower,
And oft the timid lad, half starved and bare,
Becomes a man of wealth, of fame and power.

O, who that sees the springtime bud can say
How bright and sweet a rose may blossom there,
And who observe the rugged boy at play
And tell the coronet that he may wear?

Whate'er the height that wealth and birth command,
Though destiny crown with pomp the royal born,
The world's great men of every age and land
Are oft in youth the boys who plow the corn.

Who climbs the mountain steeps to crowning snows
And scares the eagle from its high retreat
Must learn the rule that every climber knows,
To quickly rise upon his own defeat.

And though unknown to verse, unpraised by pen,
Nor crowned with wreath in fame's eternal halls,
He's yet the noblest, bravest of all men
Who rises every time he slips and falls.

For men, though great, perfection ne'er attain,
They're still like babes out on the world's broad floor,
They slip, they slide, they fall but rise again
To step a little firmer than before.



They are the men who climb up round by round,
And if by chance they faint and fall today,
They try again until at last they're found
Triumphant over all that's in their way.

Are faith and hope today becoming cold?
Are threatening clouds impending from on high?
Tomorrow they will wear a crest of gold
And flush around a pleasant sunny sky.

Tomorrow we shall stroll through vales of ease,
Forgetting all the worry of today,
Remembering but the tall and graceful trees
And happy flowers blooming on the way.

The deep veiled years of life our destiny hold
Entombed in mystery dark as ebon night,
But if the future could our fate unfold,
Would men be happier thus to view the sight?

O, let us live those years in sweetest trust,
But let us ne'er forget at night or morn,
The silver dews our purple fruits may rust,
There is no rose without its hidden thorn.

YOUTH AND AGE

Beneath a broad oak tree I saw a boy;
He shot an arrow, whirled a spinning toy—
I thought that this was surely perfect joy.
He paused amid his gleeful play,
With doleful look I heard him say:



“Wish I were as big as daddy,”
And he sighed with boyish tears,
“Wish I had a suit of whiskers
And big boots and guns and spears,
For I want to be a soldier
And a soldier in the van,
Then I’ll fight and win big battles,
Oh, I want to be a man.”

Thirty years have come and gone
With old gray time still ambling on ;
Thirty years of toil and wear
Have touched with frost his coal black hair
And wrought sad changes everywhere.

Beneath that same old tree there sat one day
When thirty years of care had passed away,
That self-same lad, yet strong but partly gray.
With doleful look methinks I hear him say :

“Of the sweets of life I’ve drunken,
Reveled in the purple wine,
Wandered o’er the northern snow lands,
Slept beneath the southern pine,
And I’ve found that every triumph,
Every pleasure has its pain.
O, the happy days of boyhood,
Give them back to me again.”

Discontented with our boyhood days,
Half sad in all its mirthful plays,
We long for manhood's grander ways,—
But when to manhood we have grown,
When all its cares are fully known,
We learn the man has ne'er a joy
One-half so sweet as did the boy;
'Tis thus at morn we wish that soon
The morn would blush into the noon,
And when it's noon we sigh in vain
And wish that we were young again.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH

Would I had thy touch and power,
O, fair genius, but an hour
Here to write upon this splendid theme;
Then I'd scroll upon these pages
That the joy of all the ages
Is the glory of a young man's dream.

O, the beauty of that dreaming
When the far-off hills are seeming
Like bright castles in the sunny skies,
When the fire of youth enhances
In a glow of rosy fancies
All the prospect that before us lies.

O, the pleasures of deceiving
Our young selves into believing
That this world is but a place of joy,

When the shades of future sorrow
And the clouds that come tomorrow
 Never blind the sweet faith of the boy.

O, the happy days of olden
When our hopes were bright and golden
 And the heart was full of sunny dreams
Fair and tender as the flowers
In the morning's dewy hours
 Sweetly blushing in the trembling beams.

In the dark days when it's snowing
And the cold bleak winds are blowing,
 Then in sweetest trust we long for spring,
When around us cares are thronging
Then our worn-out hearts keep longing,
 Longing for the roses June will bring.

If the day were always round us,
If the deep night never found us,
 Could we ever see the shining star?
If our plans were all victorious,
If our lives were always glorious,
 Would we really know what victories are?

And ye stars above me shining
On sweet heaven's soft blue lining,
 Divining mortal life and hopes and fears,
Tell me now, ye starry clusters,
Laved in gold and draped in lusters,
 Will the fates with victory crown my years?

Through this life we wander groping,
Onward through the darkness hoping,
 Hoping for some sweeter, brighter day,
Till at last all hope is ended
Where the light and shades are blended
 In a gloom that never rolls away.

As a child when lost and roaming
Gazes homeward through the gloaming,
 In the distance sees a glimmering spark,
Hope still sees a faint light quiver
Far across the dusk-fringed river
 When this parting world is growing dark.

What is night without the beaming
Of round moons above us streaming?
 What is life without its hope and plan?
As the rain is to the flowers
Thirsting in the sun-scorched hours
 So are faith and hope to thirsting man.

WIFE AWAY

It seems so dark and lonely
 Without my love tonight;
It takes her presence only
 To make this cottage bright;
For care is always lighter
 And gloom can ne'er be found,
The very rooms are brighter
 When pretty wife's around.

A feeling of strange sadness
Now hovers o'er the place,
'Twill quickly change to gladness
At sight of her sweet face;—
For like the rosy essence
That drives the morning dews,
Her gentle, smiling presence
Dispels the awful blues.

Those evil spooks of sorrow,
Whom mortals ever fear,
Foreboding bad tomorrow,
They every one are here;
And when at night the wind blows,
Through all the house they roam,
But they'll fly out the windows
When pretty wife comes home.

O, give me back the hours
We've lived and loved of yore,
Together plucked the flowers
That blossomed by our door;
But hark! a sound of voices
And footsteps drawing near,—
And Oh! my heart rejoices
For wife and babe are here.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE

'Tis a fancy that I weave,
Still I cannot but believe
That our friends who've gone before,
Sometimes drawing close and near,
Gently whisper in the ear
Warnings from that other shore.

Yesterday I sat alone,
On the mossy marble stone,
And I heard a footstep fall.
Turning quickly then around,
Nothing could be seen or found,
No one, no one there at all.

Once I was about to go
Where the dark green bushes grow
For some lilac blossoms fair;
Something seemed to softly say,
"Come away, O, come away,
There is danger lurking there."

Then I saw the strong wind shake
Wide an opening where a snake
Drew itself along the ground,
And I know that warning fear
And the whisper in my ear
Were no fancy dream or sound.

Often when I'm half asleep
Strangest touches o'er me creep,
 Fading voices seem to call;
Wakened with this quick surprise,
When I've opened wide my eyes,
 Nothing, nothing there at all.

Yet I'm sure I saw the trace
Of a fading, glimmering face,
 Heard a light step on the floor,
And I know the angels send
Every one a guardian friend
 From the loved ones gone before.

A HUNDRED YEARS AWAY

A hundred years from now
'Twill little matter how
 The winds may blow today;
We'll neither wish nor care
For pleasure or despair
 Beneath the marble gray.

Though everything we try
Should quickly go awry
 In bitter grief today,
And though the heart should break,
'Twill little difference make
 A hundred years away.

EVENING PASTIMES

And if fond hopes of ours
Should droop like drooping flowers
 Upon a wintry day,
What will we ever know
About our earthly woe
 A hundred years away?

The happiest days we've known
Will have forever flown,
 The friends we love today,
Their smile, their tender call,
Will be forgotten all
 A hundred years away.

Keep not thy flowers till
Thy friend is cold and still
 But give them now—today;
The dead will never care
About the roses there
 Upon the marble gray.

WHEN I AM GONE

When I am gone, let roses bloom
In beauty near my mouldering tomb
That I may breathe their sweet perfume;
And when the evening shadows come,
I beg that you will gather some
Red velvet roses, those I crave,
And place them tenderly on my grave;
And from my home beneath the dew
I'll whisper back my thanks to you.

When I am gone, and in the spring
The sweet birds from the green boughs sing
Or warble music on the wing,
I beg that you will sometimes pass
Close where I sleep beneath the grass,
That you will pause and sing for me
That sweet old song, "*I Still Love Thee*";
And from my home beneath the dew
I'll whisper back my love for you.

When I am gone, and evenings seem
So lonely, and you sit and dream
Of old-time friends you still esteem,
I beg that you, in thought, will stroll
Close by a little churchyard knoll,
And think of me in that lone spot
Where all of man is soon forgot;
And as I sleep beneath the dew
I'll dream of sweet old days with you.

When I am gone, and men are bold
With ugly frowns and words so cold,
And memory turns to friends of old,
I beg that you will sometimes stray
Along the churchyard's white walled way
To where a marble slab is seen
All draped in matted ivy green;
And from my home beneath the dew
I'll whisper words of cheer to you.

POVERTY

Go search from snowy peak to balmy shore
Far through the seas and isles, the wide world o'er,
Among the tribes of every clan and name,
This sad condition still remains the same,
That some are rich and some so direful poor
The very wolf of hunger haunts their door,
But He who knows what's best and just and right,
Hath fixed the pretty stars to shine at night,
Some dim and some with sweet and sparkling light;
The flowers blooming in the blithesome field
An equal phase of beauty never yield;
The warbling birds that carol in the spring
A song of equal sweetness cannot sing,
And yet the joyous sparrow does not hush
Because it sings not sweetly like the thrush;
And why should man become so grieved and sore
Because his friends grow rich while he stays poor?
There are no jewels like the jewel health,
And true contentment gives a world of wealth.

LINES ON AN OLD MANSION

On the view it stands out grandly,
Rich in beauty, strong in power,
While the clouds are circling blandly
Like white ships about its tower;
And the sunlight proudly streaming
Falls like gold upon its walls
Where soft music pours out, seeming
Like enchantment in its halls.

In the distance swells the mountain,
Blue against the soft blue sky,
On the greensward plays the fountain
With the lilies blooming nigh ;
Here is seen, in fullest measure,
Wealth in all her bright array,
Here is found the gayest pleasure
Gladdening every passing day.

All of wealth, its pomp and glory
Soon must fade from mortal sight
As the evening white and hoary
Darkens into shades of night ;
And our garlands when victorious,
Every wreath of fortune's bloom,
Are but chaplets red and glorious
Gathered for the mouldering tomb.

As the summer beam caresses
Lightly o'er the crimson flower,
Then the Autumn blast distresses
All the blossoms in the bower ;
So our hopes are like fresh roses
Blushing to a morning sky,
Soon some wind of fate disposes
And our flowers droops and die.

As the dewdrops frozen, sunny,
Blight the green leaves of the glen
So the showy love of money
Mars the nobler worth of men ;—

Costly pearls and golden laces,
Sparkling in a hundred styles,
Never charm us like sweet faces
Wreathed in mirth and dimpled smiles.

As the chilling winds unkindly
Toss the Autumn leaves of brown,
Fate oft lifts the buffoon blindly,
Whirls the giant quickly down ;
See, the cloud tints piled up thickly,
Swiftly turning on the blue,
Fortune changes just as quickly
All the rose tints of her hue.

Like the hollow grooves of ocean
And the waves of snowy crown,
Life is but a wave-like motion
Filled with many an up and down ;
Though deprived of friends and treasure,
Though in grief you pass the hours,
Fortune yet in days of pleasure
In your path may strew her flowers.

AN OLD STUMP

The vulture sails along the evening sky,
The summer day is drawing to a close,
I linger where the lengthening shadows lie
Ere I depart for gentle night's repose.

I love to sit and muse here all alone,
 Beneath the purple bough, the leafy spray,
In this sweet hidden spot, unseen, unknown,
 And watch the crimson darken into gray.

The mosses hang like drapery on the trees,
 The curlews from the dreary marshes call,
The locust shaken in a puff of breeze
 Lets loose its snowy blossoms free for all.

The vine creeps gently o'er a stump so old
 And twines like mourning round its aged form,
Here sometime stood a gallant tree so bold,
 The hero of the midnight thunder storm.

Perhaps its rails may even now resist
 The pilfering herd the verdant crop to save ;
Perhaps its giant body did assist
 To make the ship that rides the snowy wave.

Old stump, thou bringest sweetly to my mind,
 The grandest, noblest man I ever knew ;
His thoughts were love, his words were always kind,
 He gave his life, his all, the good to do.

I never hear the Sunday morning bells,
 I never list the evening's silver chimes,
But pleasant memory gently, sweetly tells
 About a church I knew in olden times.

The pastor kneeled in fervent prayer to God,
The truths of holy writ he did impart,
And if for shame a sleepy head should nod,
The light rebuke was gentle as his heart.

But now he's old and stooped and very poor,
His feeble tottering step he slowly drags,
Too old to preach the sacred gospel more,
He needs must live in want and pauper's rags.

O shame, to let the old man hungry go.
He freely gave a life's long work to make
This erring world in truth and wisdom grow,
And men are nobler, happier, for his sake.

As this old stump is wrapped in flowering vine
And clothed from wind and storm with verdant leaf,
So, Lord, may thy sweet tender love entwine
And blossom round all aged hearts in grief.

THE RIVER

I love to wander through the woods alone,
To pause by running brook or fallen tree,
I love to sit upon some hoary stone
That madly juts from frowning bank and see
The great broad river winding to the sea ;
'Tis nice amid such solitude to stay
And dream away an hour ; 'tis joy for me
From this lone spot to view the parting day
Now slowly drawing from the western hills away.

And twilight comes. The noisy world grows still,
There float along the sky bright purple gleams,
There gathers on the river, field and hill
A lovely tinge of roseate hue that seems
Fair as the beauty of a maiden's dreams.
See, on the blue the white round moon appears
And throws the mellow light in silver streams,
The zephyr shakes the vine now bathed in tears
And jars the water like a breast disturbed with fears.

Away, away, a million miles away,
Deep in the vault there shines the yellow star,
There comes a beauty trembling on its ray,
A gleam of hope and glory from afar.
I sometimes wonder if those bright things are
Sweet flowers blooming in eternity
And shedding luster from its azure bar;
If in the loveliness of their mystery
Are folded mortal life and hope and destiny.

How mild and fresh and balmy is the night;
Thy clear and placid waters roll serene
Shot o'er with magic hues and amber light,
And far along thy either shore are seen
The tinted clouds reflected on thy green.
There is a rapture wild, a something bland,
Deep breathing through the beauty of the scene
That stirs within my breast the pure, the grand,
As though each chord were touched to music by His hand.

And now the moon sails like a ship on high,
Thy glassy wave reflects the trembling star,
Thy bosom spreads beneath the summer sky
While o'er it playful ripples lightly jar.
I hear the laugh of waters from afar,
Along thy fragrant bank the south wind blows
As sweet and mellow as fresh flowers are;
Enraptured with the scene my spirit glows,
My troubled soul is drawn, lulled softly to repose.

Forever do thy pleasant waters flow;
The same deep vault of blue is arched o'er thee,
As in the distant years long, long ago,
Thou didst roll from the mountains to the sea.
The mossy rocks, the over bending tree,
Are mirrored on thy dark green as before,
All is as it of old was wont to be
Save that the men who wandered on thy shore
Lie hidden in the cold damp grave forever more.

There is for man a hope, a joy, a love,
There is a life beyond the mouldering grave;
I read it on the twinkling stars above,
I hear it in the murmur of thy wave,
And where thy noisy waters softly lave
Methinks I hear it sounding o'er and o'er,
Like music flowing sweet and low and grave,
An echo coming from that other shore,
A gentle whispering of a life forever more.

THE MEADOW
(The Interview).

I went down in the meadow ;
 Among some violets blue
I found a little poem,
 I bring it now to you.

I strolled far through the clover,
 And on my pleasant way
A tiny blossom whispered,
 "I'd like a word to say."

I took an old lead pencil
 And wrote as best I knew
The story of the flower—
 I hand it now to you.

I came upon a brooklet
 With banks of pink and green ;
It said for me to tell you
 The pretty things I'd seen.

And so I come this evening
 Fresh from that interview,
And bring an humble message
 The meadow sends to you.

(The Message)

When the morn is sweet with gladness
 In the early dewy hour,
When the merry gleams of madness

EVENING PASTIMES

Leap from rose to purple flower,
And the light winds chaseth after
Golden sunbeams on the lea,
Then the heart, brimful of laughter,
Throbs in unison with the glee.

When the eve is rich in splendor
And the meadow sweet and still,
When the twilight pure and tender
Crowns with beauty every hill
And the western hues are yellow,
Then a radiance from above
Warms the cold heart soft and mellow
With a pure and heavenly love.

When the moon is round and golden,
Streaming o'er the meadow bright,
When the starry wreaths of olden
Deck with pearl the brow of night,
And the tired world sleepeth under
And the winds in stillness lie,
Then the soul is filled with wonder
At the grandeur of the sky.

In the wondrous scenes of ocean,
In the lovely views on land,
There are pictures of emotion
Fashioned with an artist hand ;
And in every tinted coral,
Every dewdrop sparkling clear,
We may read some beautiful moral
Teaching us that God is near.

Faith and love are ever finding
In His handwork near and far,
In the meadow brooklet winding,
In the rose and yellow star,
Artist touches, gentle traces
Of a hand of wondrous power
That has painted all the graces
On the pretty meadow flower.

THE MORNING SUN

With gleaming shafts of amber light
Thou driveth off the ebon night;
From o'er the hills, gold capped and blue,
Thou bringeth fresh as morning dew
Joy and hope and new-laid plan.

Thy red light sparkles on the tower
And on the leaf and crimson flower;
Thou carryeth hidden in thy beam
The final doom of every scheme
Dear to hoping, trusting man.

From some weird realm of mystery
Thou bringeth life and destiny,—
For some to do, for some to die,
For some to laugh while others cry
Ere thy long, long day is done.

O, let thy gray light softly fall
Into the homes and lives of all;

EVENING PASTIMES

If some are sick or some are sad,
Then let thy gray light make them glad,
Bright and beautiful morning sun.

And come each morn and sweetly shine
On drooping heart and flowering vine ;
Awaken all the brave and true
Some sweet, kind deed of good to do
Ere thy long, long day is done.

A WAYSIDE RAMBLE

I hide me from the Great Orb high
Beneath this lone and broad oak tree,
Far off a few white clouds I see,
I hear a jolly brook go laughing by.

Deep in the tangled thicket near
The songster of the woodland sings,
His merry warble sweetly rings,
And holds in magic trance mine raptured ear.

Now comes the cool and fragrant breeze
Fresh from the blossoming wildwood bough,
It touches lightly on my brow
And gently soothes me with its lulling ease.

In yon old open field there stands
An humble cottage ; 'tis the home
Of those who till the furrowed loam
With cheerful hearts and ever willing hands.

I ween that they are happier now—
Contentment sweetening every charm
Of quiet life upon the farm—
Than many wearing coronets on the brow.

The world applauds the deed, the name,
But never knows the muffled part,
The bitter cost to brain and heart
It took to climb the pink crowned hills of fame.

Though stubborn fate decree that few
The heights of glory may command,
There are no deeds of men so grand
As little acts of love we all may do.

I speak of friendships, sweet and old,
And friendly deeds without renown
Whose doer wears no wreath or crown
Though worthy garlands made of pearl and gold.

Of rural homes I love to sing
And pleasant fields and waving grain
Where man though living humbly plain
In wealth of heart is rich as jeweled king.

We yearn for lands of flowery clime,
We fancy we'd be happy there,
But never see the flowers fair
That sweetly bloom about us all the time.

How like the rainbow arched at eve
Whose charm at our approach is gone,
Ambition leads man ever on
With luring promise often to deceive.

Like roses in the Autumn late
Wind blown upon the frosted air,
Our hopes and roses everywhere
Are tossed upon the cruel winds of fate.

The bloom of wealth, the wreath of power,
The beauty now admired by all,
For which men strive and curse and fall,
Must fade tomorrow like the new mown flower.

For me, I love this outdoor life,
The mellow shade of dark green trees,
The grassy beds of rest and ease;
I hate the futile wars of city strife.

How nice to stroll in morning hours
Among the joys of summer fields,
Or golden crops that Autumn yields,
How sweet the freedom and the smell of flowers.

A strong south wind begins to blow,
A cloud is gathering on the west,
The rain will soon disturb my rest.
So fare you well, my friend, for I must go.

OAKLAND

When one is worn out with the care and strife,
The bustle and the noise of city life,
'Tis sweet to wander to some country scene
In early fall, where life is grand, serene,
Before the frosts have touched the foliage green ;
To hear the waters fall, to breathe the air
Of peach and apple orchards ripening there,
Enjoy a table filled with fruit, the charm
Of sumptuous Autumn on a well-tilled farm.

We started at the earliest blush of dawn,
Before the brighter stars were fully gone,
And as we slowly jogged along our way
The crimson on the east soon changed to gray
And rosy morning faded into day ;
The merry birds began to fly and sing
And warble sweetly on the airy wing ;
The herds were grazing in the quiet fields,
The farm hands reaped the harvest Autumn yields
And cozy homes were dotted here and there
Like gems to beautify the landscape fair ;
A few white clouds went floating slowly by
Like snowy vessels on the placid sky ;
A brooklet sometimes ran across our way
And bubbling o'er the pebbles white and gray
And dancing in the sunbeam's rosy light,
Then hurrying like a school boy off to play,
Down in the meadow soon was lost to sight ;
A mountain rose up bold against the view

And stood there like a cloud of threatening hue,
And sometimes from the summit of a hill,
When gazing far across the valley still,
The Shenandoah, a thread of pearl, was seen
Slow winding through the marshes dark and green.

Old Oakland now came fully into view,
And at the threshold there were only two,
My aged aunt, her lovely daughter May,
Who took my grip and old felt hat away,
And bade me rest from morning's weary roam,
Sit down at ease and make myself at home ;
And aunt and daughter smiled a welcome true
That thrilled my heart with pleasure through and through.

There's joy and love and power in a smile
To win the human heart however vile ;
O, when returning from a foreign land,
How sweet to grasp an old friend by the hand
And watch the honest smile of welcome play
Upon his features like a morning ray ;—
The true heart ever thrills with joy to trace
The smile of greeting on an old friend's face.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Life is sweetest in the hour
When the dews are on the flower
And the world is gay and bright
In the rosy morning light.
May this be a sunshine day

Filled with work and joy and play,
In the eve a purple crown ;
May there be no ebon cloud
On the far west like a shroud
When the sun goes down.

Life is grandest at the noon,
Yet the noonday hour must soon,
With the mad rush of the day,
Like a sweet dream pass away ;
May I leave fore'er behind
Tender words spoke soft and kind
And good deeds of fair renown ;
May the even too be clear,
No regret and not a fear
When the sun goes down.

When the day shall close for me,
Through the dusk, O, may I see,
As the evening shades draw nigh,
Stars of hope up in the sky ;
When the threshold I attain,
May there be no blur or stain
On the pure white of my gown,
And may faith still point the way
Through the shadows and the gray
When the sun goes down.

A MEMORY

This life is half a vain regret
Of some mistake we should forget,
Some part we'd like to act once more,
And act it better than before.

I sometimes dream of other days
When I was glad in youthful ways,
Enjoyed those charms our young years give,
My only care to laugh and live.
Far in the past I often see
Half hid in folds of memory,
A graceful form, a face divine,
A lovely girl I once thought mine,
Whose gentle name was Jennie Lynne.

Oft in the twilight glow we sat
Out on the vine-draped porch to chat;
The moments flew with swift wings by,
The stars came in the soft blue sky,
The moon rose up; smiled sweetly down
On rustling vine and snowy gown;
Her dad retiring for the night
Within put out the old lamp light;
And still we sat and lingered on
Scarce knowing how the time had gone,
And still we sat and whispered love,
The leafy vine around above,—
No sound disturbed the night's sweet hush,
No eye to see her smile or blush.

O, a bonny girl with a tangled curl
In a sweet breeze from the south,
O, the joy and bliss of a rapturous kiss
Pressed right on her rosy mouth.

Now the moon goes back of a cloud of black
Like a child that goes to pout ;
O, my pretty miss, may I steal a kiss,
Quick before the moon comes out ?

Down in the field we often met
Beneath a tree that stands there yet
And if by chance the one was late
The other never failed to wait.

There's a lassie there awaiting
'Neath the old tall poplar tree
With the pansies on her bosom
As she watches there for me,
And her eyes are true and mellow
And her sunburnt ankles brown
And she looks just like a princess
In her pretty calico gown.

And she's worth indeed a hundred
Of your girls with painted face,
She can smile the sweetest welcome,
Of deceit there's not a trace,
And her glossy hair when tangled
In the summer wind's caress
Makes her look just like a princess
In her pretty calico dress.

But, O, the curse that poverty brings,
How bitter too it sometimes stings,
And I a rustic lad so poor,
My father's house, it had no floor,
But built of logs it humbly stood
The humblest in that neighborhood ;
While Jennie's dad possessed a place
Where comfort always smiled with grace,
But yet too poor to much assist
His married children to exist ;
I saw no hope, I saw no way,
And so I said to her one day :—

(I said)

"I love with all my heart, I vow,
But am too poor to marry now ;
I love too well to drag you through
The drudgery that the poor must do :
You'd soon grow tired to live all shut
Within the walls of some log hut ;
Some day I'll build a mansion fair
And you shall reign my wife there."

(She answered)

"I'll live in wilds and solitude,
In pine log cabin rough and rude
And be your wife glad and true
Just so I'm in that home with you."

(I replied)

"No, no, sweet Jennie, it would break
My very heart to have you make
The sacrifice; we'll love and wait
Until we've grown quite rich and great,
And then we'll build a mansion grand,
The very best in all the land."

But Jennie looked sad, sad with fears;
We kissed and parted then with tears.
I wandered to the far off west,
And sought my fortune with the rest
Along the orange blossom shores
Down where the blue Pacific roars.
Next settled on the sunny plain,
Soon pulled up stakes and moved again;
The sought good place did ever seem
A luring myth, a vanishing dream,
As far as I have ever gone
I've always found it farther on;
At last I grew so awfully poor,
Grew ever needier than before,
I ceased to write sweet Jennie more.

When many years had passed away
In sober thought I sat one day,
Recalled the past to studied view
As men will often sit and do;
My heart was full of love and pain,
I longed to hear her voice again.
I started back still sad and poor

For that rude home I loved of yore ;
Within that house I felt forlorn,
A stranger now where I was born ;
With faltering step I sought a few
Of those dear friends that I once knew
And asked for her, my love of old,
And this is all that I was told :
They said that she had married Jim
And lived in yonder hut with him.

I scarce believed the words they said,
But yet felt faint of heart and head ;
I rushed with hurried step and will
Off to that cabin on the hill
And as I drew quite close with fear
A lovely vision came out clear
Of smooth mown grasses o'er the ground
And gravel walks all winding round.
The house was built of logs of pine,
And o'er the porch there ran a vine
With blossoms sweet and red and gay
As open in the month of May ;
I knocked upon the old oak door ;
It opened on a polished floor,
And I was asked to have a seat
Within a room so clean and neat,
I blushed to have such muddy feet.
The whitewashed walls were fresh and light,
The cupboard showed its crockery bright,
And there sat Jennie neat and trim

And by her side that rascal, Jim,
And he was gay as he could be,
Just laughed and giggled at poor me ;
I'll envy him until I die ;
The rascal had more sense than I.

I said farewell and went away
A wiser man that summer day,
And as I slowly walked along,
My step was weak, 'twas never strong,
I felt my mind was almost wrong ;
I stumbled to the old roadside,
Sat down and thought of suicide,—
For O, the world of joy and bliss,
I came so near and then did miss,—
A sweeter, neater home than this,
A prettier, truer wife to kiss,
No mortal man from hut to throne
Has ever loved and called his own.

These simple truths I would impart
Since I have learned them well by heart ;
We do not need a mansion grand,
The finest structure in the land,
To lead and live a joyous life
With some sweet lassie for a wife ;
It does not take a marble hall
To make a happy home at all ;
But in some humble cottage neat,
With pleasant wife and children sweet,

Man spends life's sweetest, brightest days
Unknown to fame and fashion's ways.
No royal gown with silken lace
Can give a form a sweeter grace,
No sparkling stone, no ring of gold
Can give a hand a prettier mould ;
The smile of love at home is worth
More than the brightest gems of earth ;
Alas, I've learned it all too late,
For bachelorhood has been my fate,—
But who sighs not quite oft in vain
To do some deed all o'er again,
For who can live and never make
In this old world some sad mistake ?

Before I close I want to say,
For I am wiser now and gray,
Young man, however abject poor,
However dark the road before,
You marry just the girl you love,
And trust in her and God above,
And though no mansion looms in sight,
The years will bring you out all right.

THE OLD HOME

Come spend the evening here with me ;
Here stands the house where I was born
And here I passed life's dewy morn.
Come sit beneath this old familiar tree.

The splendor rests on field and hill
And spreads a veil of sweet repose
About the lilac and the rose
And falls in beauty on the meadow rill.

Now after years of weary roam,
The years that changed these hairs to gray,
I sit in solemn thought today
And view the tender scenes of childhood's home.

And as I fondly ramble o'er
The grassy lawn adorned to please
With shady walks that wind with ease
Sweet memory brings the past to life once more.

The mosses hang like beards of gray
From yonder trees and all the place
Looks aged like a wrinkled face
That shows the traces of a happier day.

I wander to the old East room;
Far through the dusk of misty years
A fancy picture now appears
Of youthful faces full of rosy bloom.

I follow where the old path goes,
I trample on the flowery sod
Where oft my infant feet have trod
And left the wounded violet crushed with woes.

There stands the shrub still living on
With dark green leaves and blossoms gay.
I set it there one cold March day
Long in the years of youth forever gone.

And where yon hillside strikes the view
How oft I've plucked the flowers fair
That grew in wild profusion there
When rambling with some friend my boyhood knew.

And there was one with graceful brow
And laughing eyes and tangled curl,
A tall and lovely blushing girl,
The children often call her grandma now.

O, does she ever think of me
And how beneath yon fragrant vine
I used to hold her hand in mine
And watch the moonbeams playing on the lea?

And oft there came at eve a friend,
A neighbor from across the way,
To chat with father, old and gray,
And at our hearth a pleasant hour to spend.

The rose still blooms upon the lawn,
Hard by the purple lilac, too,
But those kind faces I once knew
From hall and shady bowers I find them gone.

The old-time songs are hushed and still,
A stranger's step is in the hall,
No sound of friendly voices call,
They sleep in silence on yon old gray hill.

And when the evening sun goes down,
I love to watch the darkening west
And dream of friends and lands of rest
Beyond the sunset hills of gold and brown.

There come to mind where'er we roam
The fireside joys remembered yet;
Can tender memory e'er forget
The laughing voices heard in childhood's home?

There come to every heart and brain
Sweet dreams of friends with winning ways
And evening strolls in olden days
We love to live in fancy o'er again.

AN OLD DIARY

Oft I go to memory's dusty closet
For an old, old book all scribbled on,
With its blurred leaves in my own hand writing,
Written in the years forever gone.

How I love to ponder o'er its pages,
Though the leaves are writ in awkward rhyme,
But they tell me of a friend so gentle
That I loved long in the olden time.

'Twas a childhood friend I loved so fondly,
With the careworn wrinkles on her brow,
With her glossy hair fast whitening silver,
And I love her just as fondly now.

I remember well her old sunbonnet
And her smile of love, her eyes of brown;
I remember how we plucked the flowers
In the cool before the sun went down.

As I gaze today from manhood's summit
Backward o'er the past, o'er childish plays,
Through the gloom I see fond memory's picture
Of a face I loved in those old days.

'Twas a gentle face all lit with sunshine
And as fresh as half blown roses are,
And it smiled into my childish heartaches
With the gladness of the morning star.

'Twas a gentle face all lit with sunshine,
Of the dearest friend I ever knew,
And its sunshine fell on all my sorrows
With the sweetness of the falling dew.

Do you ask to know my friend so gentle,
With the old sunbonnet on her head?
O, that true friend was my own dear mother,
And she sleeps today among the dead.

THE SEASONS

'Tis winter, gray winter, and the North wind blows
In a chilling blast o'er the frozen snows,
And the white flakes whirl in a blinding swarm,—
But the flowers bloom in my heart still warm
By the fireside safe from the winter's storm.

'Tis spring, green spring, and the earth long sad
Wears a smile today and the fields are glad,—
May my deeds smell sweet as the fragrant flower
On the red rose bush in the garden bower
Decked with pearls of dew in the morning hour.

'Tis summer, glad summer, and the fields are seen
Wearing still their robes of a springtime green,—
May my heart keep young all the summer through
As the fields keep fresh in their springtime hue,
Though my hopes prove false and my friends are few.

'Tis autumn, rich autumn, and I now behold
Fields of wondrous wealth clothed in brown and gold,—
May my life be rich when I'm old and gray
In the wealth of deeds of a summer day
When the fields were green and my heart was gay.

WIFE AND I

We've lived the years of life away,
The years that turned our hair to gray,
We've passed o'er many an up and down
As does the road that leads to town;

Of smiles and tears, of grief and care
And poverty too we've had our share;
We've grown quite rich in recent years,
Of want we have no longer fears,
We live within a mansion fine
And fields and herds and lands are mine;
But still from all this wealth of ours
I turn to other scenes and hours—
A cottage home among the flowers
Where wife and I one summer day
First started on our wedded way,
And memory fondly lingers o'er
That cottage where we lived of yore
And were so happy and so poor;
The happiest days we've ever known,
The days that have forever flown,
Were passed by wife and me alone
With children neat and love our own
In that sweet cottage near the pines
All draped in morning-glory vines.

I've learned upon my wedded way
Some things that I would like to say;
I've learned that gold can ne'er acquire
One-half the things our hearts desire;
That tender words and love's caress,
When our sad hearts are in distress,
Are worth far more than pearls or dress.
No road that leads through shadows gray
But love can brighten into day
As sunshine drives the mist away;

No threatening cloud so dark and bold
But tender love can line with gold ;
And though in purse we're awfully poor
And though our cottage has no floor
And heaven's stars shine through above,
In all that happy hearts may hold,
In fortune's purest pearl and gold,
Are we not rich as kings of old
When home is brimming full of love?

THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE

The evening splendors stream o'er crumbling walls,
No sound disturbs the stillness of the hour
Except the sound of distant waterfalls
That rumble from afar with weakening power.

I sit here in the gloaming all alone,
I feel so strangely sad, I know not why ;
My memory strays, my thoughts are not my own,
They wander back to other days gone by,

When youth and hope were on the buoyant brow,
When youth and love were in the trusting heart,
And all the future seemed to me somehow
With nothing but gay pleasures to impart.

The stories by the evening fireside told,
My mother's smile that made our home so bright,
The rosy fancies wrought by youth in gold,
All these come back to me again tonight.

But gone are all the little friends I knew
In those sweet days of innocence and play;
Yet recollection brings their faces back to view,
Their smiles, their tears and all they had to say;

And when in far-off lands I idly roam,
Though time has wrought the change of many a year,
I ne'er forget sweet childhood's cherished home,
Fond memory ever holds the picture dear,

Of low-roofed cottage and the aspen trees,
Beneath whose mellow shades I oft did spend,
At cheerful romp, perhaps at playful tease,
The hours of pleasure with my little friend.

In after years of age we hardened grow,
Grow hard and solemn in the solemn truth;
In after years of life we learn to know
How glad were all the frolic days of youth.

For manhood brings its hopes and failures fast,
In purest trust we weave the petty plan,
We hope till hope is lost in death at last,
Such is the common lot of struggling man.

O time! what wondrous changes thou hast wrought—
The older to the newer must give way,
The force and magic of the earlier thought
Is lessened in the progress of today.

O time! what wondrous changes thou hast wrought—
The forms, the customs of an older day,
Its cherished fashions, now are held for naught,
Lost in the splendor of the modern way.

In harmony science rolls serenely on,
The centuries all seem moving to a plan,
A year of onward progress scarce is gone
Ere some new victory crowns the work of man.

We marvel at the things that men have done,
How wide the fields of conquest may extend,
And if the centuries will forever run
Along the ways of progress without end.

And yet we know that like this fallen stone,
The thrones of earth, its castles of renown,
And all of earthly grandeur ever known
Must yield to time, must fall and crumble down.

'Tis only noble deeds and truth sublime,
Not wealth, nor place of height, nor loud acclaim,
That may withstand the sure decay of time
And live through ages in undying fame.

THE COTTAGE

The pomp of great riches and the glory of strife,
A dazzle of splendor and is this all of life?
Is life in a cottage with its roses and vine
Not worthy of mention in these verses of mine?

'Tis sweet in the morning in the glad pearly hour
To stroll from the cottage and to pluck the gay flower ;
'Tis sweet in the evening as we come from afar
To hear the low ripple of the mellow guitar.

How nice in a cottage at the close of the day
When resting from labor 'twixt the dark and the gray,
To laugh with the children, in their frolics to vie,
Is this not a pleasure that no silver can buy ?

Not all of wealth's splendor though it charms for awhile
Can cheer the heart lonely like a friendly sweet smile ;
No mansion though towering to the cloud tints above
Can make the heart happy like a cot full of love.

No art in its splendor and no wealth in array
Can rival the beauty of fair nature's display ;
No hue of the mountain and no dash of its stream
Have ever been equaled in a painter's glad dream.

The charm of the flowers and the joy of the sky
Are pictures of beauty that no riches can buy ;
The air and the water and the bright days of fall,—
Full half of life's blessings are a gift to us all.

No song full of rapture and no verse ever told
The world of pure gladness that a cottage may hold
Where kind words fall gently as the dews from above
And home is all brimming with the fragrance of love.

THE UNKNOWN

There's a song unsung by mortal tongue,
And a verse unknown of heavenly tone:

Could I only pen that verse for men,
Could I only play that song today,

Like the birds of spring with joy I'd sing
For the sad in tears my song of cheers.

There's a love that lies deep hid in sighs
And a hope unseen still fresh and green

In the heart untold of young and old;
In the far away some sweeter day

Love and hope will bloom from out the tomb
Into flowers of gold we loved of old.

THE ZEPHYR

Blow softly, light zephyr, o'er the crest of the rose
And bear its sweet fragrance to some heart full of woes;
Blow softly, light zephyr, through the curtains of lace
And drop that sweet fragrance on some gentle pale face.

Sing sweetly your music through the boughs of the trees,
And glide o'er the meadow with a motion of ease;
I love your fresh odor in the blush of the morn,
The smell of the clover and the tassels of corn.

Go gather the rain clouds from the ocean's blue wave,
And blow the fresh showers o'er the land of the brave,
And take from the mountain to the valley below
Its balm and its freshness and the cool of its snow.

I hear your soft whisper in the deep of the night,
The hour is so lonesome and the stars are so bright;
I hear the sad rustle of the ivy's green leaf,
It shakes and it trembles like a heart full of grief.

O, come with low murmur from the past, through the
gray,
And bring me fond memories of a land far away;
A gleam of old faces round the fireside appears,
A picture of beauty, through the dusk of the years.

They are gone, they are numbered with the sweet things
of old,
But they live in green memory like bright roses of gold;—
And that hour is the sweetest, though the saddest of all,
When we sit in the evening and old friendships recall.

Go kiss the white petals of the lily so glad,
And gather its gladness for all hearts that are sad,
Then steal through the shutters when the windows are up
And leave that pure gladness in a brimming full cup.

Blow gently, light zephyr, o'er the crest of the rose
And bear its sweet fragrance to some heart full of woes;
Blow gently, light zephyr, through the curtains of lace
And drop that sweet fragrance on some tender pale face.

GOVERNMENT

My native land, I love but pity thee,
O, boasted country of the brave and free,
I ponder o'er thy laws; what do I see?
Sweet freedom bound with heavy weighted chain
Until her hands and feet are sore with pain.
Too many governments all wrapped in one,
The government business so overdone
Until perhaps 'twere better to have none.
'Tis true some rules we need to check the strong
That on the weak they may commit no wrong;
But know ye statesman great and wise and grand,
Ye learned rulers of my native land,
That there's a rose called wealth of sweet perfume—
You prune the bush too much, it will not bloom,
And though the clime is fair, the long day sunny,
The work bee dies because there is no honey.
From tropic lands of orange-blossom fame
To icy-crystal shores with polar name,
Is tyranny not everywhere the same?
Is despotism acceptable just because
A passionate majority makes her horrid laws?
'Twould brighten hope and stifle panic fears,
Enrich the poor and save them many tears,
Did Congress meet once only in ten years,—
Too many laws, the last is oft the worst,
Until the lovely land with law is cursed.
Alas! a sadder sight I never saw
Than liberty chained hand and foot with law.

THE ISLES OF REST

There's a place I know where the zephyrs blow
From the boughs with spice perfumes oppressed,
Where the star night smiles on the flowery isles
In the seas of sleep with rose dreams blest,
Not a shadow's trace on the heart or face
In the beautiful isles of rest.

When the day is done and the parting sun
Leaves the gold and saffron on the west
And we lay the head on the downy bed
As a bird may huddle in its nest,
O, how nice it seems as we glide in dreams
To the beautiful isles of rest.

When we're tired and worn with the load we've borne
And our troubled hearts are sore distressed,
When we close the eyes as the last thought dies
In the soothing folds of sleep suppressed,
O, how nice to go where no cares we'll know
In the beautiful isles of rest.

MY OLD FRIEND TOM

I sit today beneath the tall yard tree
With old-time memories running wild and free;
Far in the past there's one I ne'er forget,
A boyish face I well remember yet;
Of all the little friends my boyhood knew,
O, Tom, I always thought the most of you.

And like a dream it all comes back to view,
How in the summer evening just we two
At some sweet innocent pastime romped and played
Beneath the apple tree's delightful shade,
Or strolled through meadows fresh and green
Where bumblebees and clover blooms were seen:
We leaped the brook, we threw the singing ball,
We whistled back the redbreast's merry call
And played with joy in every kind of weather
When Tom and I were happy boys together.

And when at school the children sat around
And ate their noon-hour lunch upon the ground,
And chattering, laughed and ate in merriest fun,
And I was awful poor and so had none,
Then Tom would come and say "Here, Ed, you take
A great big bite of grandma's ginger cake."
And sometimes in the overheated game
The boys got mad and said that I's to blame
For some mistake (I've seen men do the same)
And quarreled outright and called me ugly name,
Then Tom he just stepped out and swore by Ned
He'd lick the first that put his hands on Ed.

The years of life have swiftly passed away,
I'm growing old, my hair is turning gray,
And when I wander down the cherry lane
I'm forced to lean upon my hickory cane;
My form is stooped, there 're wrinkles on my brow,
The young folks often call me grandpa now.



I've not seen Tom for many and many a day,
Not since beneath the trees we used to play,
But yet of all the friends I ever knew,
My old friend Tom, I still think most of you.

How pleasant to recall with vivid truth
The little friendships of a happy youth;
O, does not memory where'er we go,
Quite often bring to mind in fervent glow
Some face we knew in days of long ago,
Some gentle friend of many a pleasant hour,
Who lives in memory like a fragrant flower?
Whate'er the tender passion of the heart
In this cold world the best of friends must part,
But echoing through fond memory's marble hall
We often hear their old-time voices call,
And through the dreamy past, the mist and rain,
We see their cheerful faces smile again.

THE HIDDEN HAND

I cannot tell, I do not know
What makes the summer flower grow;
I often wonder to behold
The tiny buds in spring unfold
Their pretty leaves of pink and gold;
They're richly painted by a hand
Whose artist touch is simply grand;
I strive in vain to understand
The magic gift, the wondrous power
That paints with gold the little flower;



I cannot tell, I do not know
What makes the garden roses grow,
I only know I love to see
Them grow and bloom and smile at me.

I cannot tell, I do not know
Where leads this winding path I go;
I often tremble when I've found
How near that path has turned and wound
Some brink of danger safe around;
This life has mysteries dark and grand
No mortal man can understand;
But this I know—some hidden hand
Is kind and tender—when I see
The sweet good things that come to me;
I cannot tell, I do not know
Where leads this earthly path I go,
I only know, from day to day,
To trust that hand to lead the way.

GENIUS

Fair genius, lovely gift that all admire,
How few thy touch of magic e'er acquire,
Though many woo thee with the heart's desire;
'Tis thine to do; to wear the priceless crown
Too bright for pompous king of world renown;
'Tis thine to flash to starry heights of fame
As meteors on the midnight heavens flame;
To win with gentle tact the hearts of all;
Enthuse with fiery words the senate hall
Or with the skilled stroke of the pen in hand
Stir men to noble deeds throughout the land.

O poetry, immortal gift divine,
What worlds of joy and riches would be mine
Could I but scribble here with gifted pen
A graceful line to cheer the hearts of men,
Could I but scroll one sentiment sweet and strong
To live forever in my feeble song ;
Alas! too well I know in harshest strain
I strive to please the listening ear in vain.

REGRET

The moon comes up ; her robe of saffron falls
And trails light o'er the lake of crystal blue
And wide around are arched the old gray walls,
The bright-eyed stars are ever peeping through
And keeping silent watch on all we do ;
If there be written on their leaves of gold
The page of history hidden from our view,
How many, many changes would be told,
Could heaven's midnight stars their pearly leaves unfold.

The night wind blows from off the lonely lake,
It moans among the pines a sweet refrain,
So strange, so low, as only spirits make
When grieving o'er sad memories in vain ;—
Could men but live this life all o'er again,
How they would change from their wrong selves and
how
The memory of sweet deeds would drive the pain
Of vain regret from off the aged brow—
Success would crown that life where all is failure now.

PICTURES

O, the memories of the past,
How they cling and how they last!
In the evening's easy chair
O, how sweet to linger there
Weaving into brightest hues
Happy dreams of old home views;
Pleasant walks that wound between
Willows drooping on the green;
Smiling faces still we love,
Old-time friends I'm thinking of;
How the years have passed away—
O, it seems but yesterday
That we strolled on evenings fine
With her dainty hand in mine
Where the roses used to grow
In the years of long ago.

O, the memories of the tree
With its pleasant shades for me
Where the apples reddened soon
In the crimson blush of June;
In this world of toil and care
Oft I wish that I was there,
In thy shade, old apple tree,
Where no troubles wearied me,
Where the hours through evenings long
Ran as lightly as a song,
And the grass, so smooth and clean,
Spread a velvet mat of green;